

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Young Woman Location Chorley St Marys Presbytery Type Haunting Manifestation.

Pre 1935 Further Comments: A gas fitter working in the upper part of the building encountered a ghostly young woman which briefly manifested before vanishing again.

In the small town of Chorley, nestled amidst the rolling hills of England, there stood an old and imposing structure known as St. Mary's Presbytery. This historic building had witnessed the passage of time, its walls echoing with the stories of generations long gone. Among these tales, one story sent shivers down the spines of locals, a story that spoke of a haunting manifestation dating back to a time before 1935.

It was a chilly autumn afternoon when this peculiar incident occurred. The day had started like any other, with the townsfolk bustling about their business, unaware of the otherworldly encounter that awaited. Up in the upper reaches of St. Mary's Presbytery, a gas fitter named Albert had been assigned the task of inspecting and repairing the ageing gas lines. He was a pragmatic man, unswayed by tales of the supernatural and steadfast in his resolve to carry out his duties.

As Albert ascended the narrow staircase that led to the upper floors of the presbytery, he felt the weight of the old building bearing down on him. The wooden steps creaked beneath his boots, adding to the eerie ambiance of the place. Cobwebs clung to the corners, and the air was heavy with the scent of antiquity.

With a toolbox in hand and a gas lantern casting its dim glow, Albert ventured further into the upper reaches of the building. His footsteps echoed through the dimly lit corridors as he inspected the gas lines. Everything seemed ordinary until he turned a corner and found himself face to face with something utterly extraordinary.

There, bathed in an eerie, otherworldly light, stood a young woman. She appeared to be in her twenties, dressed in a gown that resembled the fashion of a bygone era, her hair elegantly coiled atop her head. Her ethereal presence was at odds with the dusty, decaying surroundings.

Startled, Albert dropped his toolbox, sending tools clattering across the floor. He couldn't believe his eyes. He had heard the stories of a haunting at St. Mary's Presbytery, but he had never expected to encounter the ghostly apparition himself.

The young woman's eyes met Albert's, and for a moment, time seemed to stand still. There was a profound sadness in her gaze, as if she carried the weight of an unfulfilled purpose. She opened her mouth as if to speak, but no words emerged. Her spectral form flickered, as if struggling to maintain its presence.

In that tense moment, Albert felt a mixture of fear and curiosity. He was torn between fleeing in terror and attempting to communicate with this mysterious apparition. Before he could decide, the ghostly young woman's form wavered one final time, and then she vanished, leaving nothing behind but an unsettling chill in the air.

Albert, shaken to the core, collected his tools and rushed down the stairs, eager to escape the eerie upper reaches of St. Mary's Presbytery. He would later recount his encounter to the townsfolk, who, although initially sceptical, couldn't deny the genuine fear in his eyes.

The tale of the ghostly young woman in St. Mary's Presbytery became a local legend, passed down through generations. To this day, the residents of Chorley speak of the haunting manifestation that occurred pre-1935, a story that reminds them that sometimes, the past has a way of lingering, refusing to be forgotten, even in the most unexpected of places.

By Donald Jay